

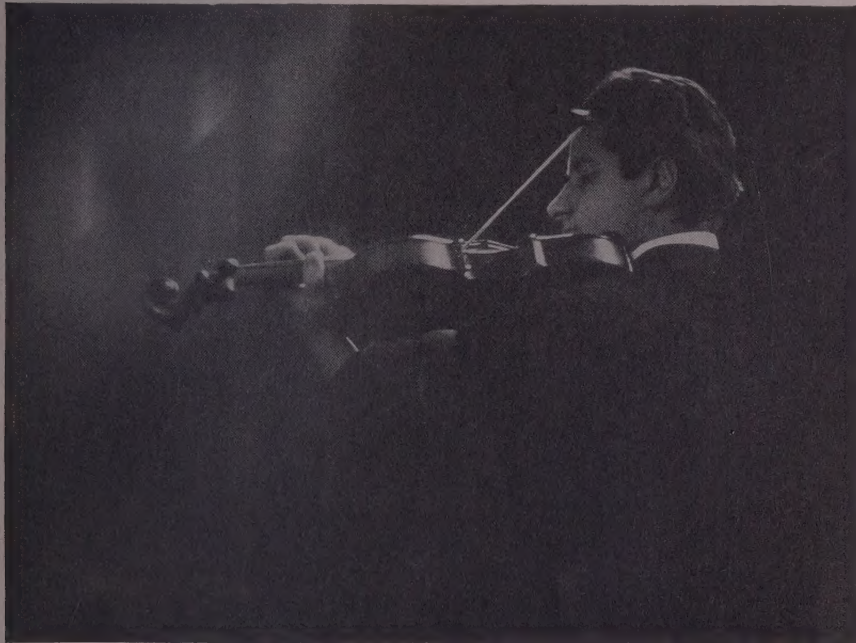
THE BEACON

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By Philip Conklin.

THE VIOLINIST.

The Nixy's Fiddle-bow.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

THERE was once a young boy named Henry, who had neither father nor mother, and who lived with his grandmother in a little cottage near the woods. He was a very shy little fellow, and he grew up like the red-blossomed thistles behind the house—by himself.

His playmates were the birds and the squirrels in the trees, the flowers by the brook, the rippling water, the flashing trout, the fluttering butterflies, the wind in the trees. He was always wandering about the woods and hills, singing with the birds and to himself.

But he had a very good friend in old Fritz, the wood-cutter. Often the two would sit on a log beside the brook, or on a bench before the wood-cutter's hut, as friendly as two old war-comrades.

Old Fritz knew not only many wonderful and interesting wood stories, but he understood how to play the violin, too, and taught Henry how to play, and even made him a violin for a birthday gift. The pupil did honor to his teacher's instruction, for before a month had passed Henry already played several quaint old Christmas carols. His ability was a great delight to the wood-cutter, and often he would say: "Mark my word, Henry, Some day you will be the first violinist of the village."

When Henry was fifteen years old, the town fathers met and held council over him. It was time, they said, that he learned some useful trade, and began to amount to something. When they asked him what he wished to be,

he answered quickly, "A musician." This did not please the town fathers, and they showed plainly that in their opinion his choice was no choice at all. They talked it over, each one saying what he thought Henry should study, until at last a stout man stepped up, took the boy by the hand, and said, "I will try if I can't make something useful of him." And then every one was pleased, and told Henry that he should be happy at having found such a good master. But Henry was not at all suited. This man was the barber of the place, and people called him nothing else but "The Doctor," for he not only cut the beards and hair of the peasants, but pulled their aching teeth, and even bled them for fevers and such ailments.

That very day Henry went to live with his master. At first he was permitted only to run errands and help the "Mrs. Doctor" about the house. But gradually he learned also to make lather, to ply the razor, and other details of the trade. His master was satisfied with Henry's work, but was not at all pleased with the violin-playing Henry indulged in with zeal whenever he had the time. In "The Doctor's" opinion, such occupation was an unprofitable art.

A few years passed, and finally came the day on which Henry would make his journeyman's piece of work. If it met with his master's approval, then he might commence to travel in the wide world, to learn more of the work, and to seek his fortune. The piece of work was really very simple, as he need only cut the beard of "The Doctor." Henry felt certain he could do it, and was already delighted with the prospect of being free to wander about at will once more.

The barber seated himself on the chair, and leaned back to watch the work. Henry put the white cloths about his master's chin, lathered his great double-chin, drew the razor across the strop, and began the work.

But suddenly a bear-leader came down the street, playing a violin for his pet to dance by. As soon as Henry heard the music it went to his fingers, and he began to ply the razor in time to the music, with the result that he gave his master a bloody cut that reached from the ear-lap to the nostril.

Alas for poor Henry! The barber sprang angrily to his feet, knocking over the chair in his haste, and gave his pupil a resounding box on the ear. Then he threw the door wide open, pointed with his shaking forefinger, and cried, "Off with you!"

Henry packed his traps together as quickly as he could, took his violin under his arm, and hurried away. Naturally, he went into the woods to think it over, and after wandering all the afternoon found himself beside a dark green pool, at the foot of a little waterfall, with reeds growing on its banks and white water-lilies with great leaves floating on its surface. As Henry sat there, he remembered something Old Fritz had told him years before: "When the sun is sinking, and the dust of the waterfall shows seven colors, then rises a Nixy from the bottom of the pool where he has his crystal palace, and sits on the bank for an hour. It is said that if one can succeed in making friends with him then, that he will grant one a fortune."

Henry thought this over for some time, and so was not too much surprised when, as soon as the waterfall glowed in rainbow colors, a Nixy actually rose up out of the deep dark pool. He had on a red coat and a white collar, and moss-green trousers. His hair was green, and hung about him like a tangled mane, far below his shoulders—"Just as Old Fritz said he would look," thought Henry to himself.

The Nixy seated himself on a stone, and with the pond for a mirror commenced to comb his hair with his ten fingers. That was wearisome work, for in the tangle of hair there was mingled seaweed, duckweed, and little snail-shells, and the Nixy made many a wry face of pain in his efforts to get them all out.

Henry's kind heart, and his knowledge of the barber's art, made him anxious to help the poor Nixy. So he stepped out of the reeds where he had been hidden, took off his hat, and said, "Good evening, Herr Nixy."

At the sound of his voice the Nixy plumped like a frightened frog into the water, and dived under. Soon, however, he stuck his head up and spoke gruffly, "What do you want?" which sounded very much like a frog's "Cut-a-chunk!"

"With permission, Herr Nixy," began Henry, in his master's best manner, "I am a learned barber, and it would be a great honor, I assure you, if I might comb your hair for you."

"Many thanks!" boomed the Nixy, with a smile of delight, and he stepped out of the

water. "That gives me pleasure. How I have been troubled and plagued with my hair, since the Lorelei, my daughter, has left me! What have I not done for that ungrateful person, and yet, off she went one night, taking my golden comb, too, and now she sits, I hear, on a rock in the Rhine and is in love with a boatman in his little boat. The golden comb will soon be squandered for a bigger boat, of course, and I must use my fingers if I would be combed."

The Nixy seated himself on the rock, and leaned his head back against a tall reed. Henry brought his barber's bag, tied a white cloth around the Nixy's neck, and combed and oiled his hair until it was as soft as silk and free from all weeds and shells. Then he made a very straight parting from the forehead to the neck, and curled the locks over his fingers until the Nixy was delighted with his reflection. At last Henry took off the cloth and made a deep bow, with his hand over his heart, as he had learned from his master. The Nixy stood up and examined himself with pleasure in the water-glass.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

Henry had the customary phrase, "I'll leave that to you," on his lips, but it came to him that this was the right time for him to speak up. Therefore, he cleared his throat and told the Nixy the story of his life.

"So you wish to be a musician?" said the Nixy, when Henry had finished. "Take your fiddle and let me hear something of your ability."

So the journeyman barber took his violin, tuned the strings, and played his prettiest *Weihnachtslied* in his very best manner. When he ended with a delicate flourish of his bow, he looked expectantly at the Nixy.

"Now listen to me," croaked the Nixy, and, reaching into the reed bed, he drew out a violin and a fiddle-bow, seated himself in true fiddler-fashion, with knees crossed and head bent, and commenced to play. Henry had never heard anything like it. First it sounded like the evening wind playing among the sedges, then like the roar of a waterfall, and last like a softly gliding flood. The birds in the branches were silent, the bees ceased their humming, the fish stared with gaping mouths from the pond, all to hear the sweet tones. And in the boy's eyes stood bright, pearly tears.

"Herr Nixy," he begged with outstretched hands, as the Nixy let the bow fall, "Herr Nixy, make me your pupil."

"I cannot," spoke up the Nixy quickly, with a decided shake of his head. "I have a daughter. But it is not necessary. If you will give me your comb, you shall have a fiddle that has no equal."

"My whole barber's bag, if you wish," cried Henry, and handed it to the Nixy.

The Nixy seized it, and disappeared in the black water.

"Stop! stop!" the lad cried after him, but his calls were unheeded. He waited an hour, he waited two, but he could hear or see nothing at all of the Nixy.

Poor Henry was deeply disturbed, for he thought that the Nixy had played him false. With a heavy heart he turned to go—he knew not where. Then he saw at his feet on the edge of the pond the Nixy's fiddle-bow. He stooped down, and as he took it in his hand he felt a twitching in his arm from the finger-tips to the shoulder-blade, urging him to try the bow.

He started to play his favorite *Weihnachtslied*, but it was as if an unseen power guided his hand. The strings gave tones so sweet

and silvery as he had heard but once in his life, and that shortly before, when the Nixy played for him. The birds came fluttering around and sat listening in the branches, the fish sprang from the water, and shy wild deer came from the woods and gazed at the player with great, wise eyes. But Henry thought only of the music, and played on and on. For whatever came and went in his soul, whatever touched his heart, whatever he thought, found its way into his hand and through the strings and rang out in sweet tones.

At last the Nixy himself peeped up from the black depths of the pool and nodded approvingly.

"At last you are a true musician," he said. "Go now and seek your fortune, and wherever you shall seek it with your fiddle and bow, you shall find it."

So Henry went playing, off into the woods, and through the country-side and across the seas, before kings and queens. His charmed music brought him much gold, but for that he did not care. A true musician cares but little for gold. But, because he had given away his barber's bag, and because he would never trust himself in the hands of another apprentice, he let his hair grow long. And all who listened to his music believed that the charm, like Samson of old, lay in his long hair, whereupon the other player-folk followed his example and set a fashion which endures even to this day among musicians.

June and the Children.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

(A Children's Day exercise for any number of children.)

Characters:

JUNE. A tall girl in green or green and white.

Wears a wreath and carries flowers.

Any number of boys and girls.

JUNE B'S. Blossoms, birds, butterflies, brook, bees.

BLOSSOMS. In pretty, dainty dresses—any light color.

BIRDS. Robins, bluebirds, redbirds, etc., may be represented.

BEES. Brown cambric costumes, or crepe paper may be used.

(Enter JUNE alone.)

JUNE:

Oh, dear little girls, and you frolicsome boys,
Come sit in my lap and play!

I love your sweet laughter, your fun and your noise,—

Oh, come! This is Children's Day!

I offer you lilacs and buttercups gold,
And glowing red roses a-sway;
And daisies to gather—just all you can hold—
The world is all June to-day!

(The children run in happily.)

CHILDREN:

Robins sing it,
Flower bells ring it;
Breezes tell it over.
Skies are clear now,
June is here now!

All the world's in clover!

(A buzzing is heard outside. The JUNE B's flit in, salute JUNE and the children, then arrange themselves in a semicircle on each side.)

JUNE B'S:

We're June's happy, busy B's,
Come to greet you, if you please.

BLOSSOMS:

We are Blossoms, fair and sweet,
Laughing at the children's feet.

BIRDS:

What would June or summer be,
With no Birds' clear melody?

BUTTERFLIES:

For your joy, the June-time brings
Butterflies, on painted wings.

BROOK (*roguishly*):

Children, sh! I ran away,
Just to laugh with you and play!
Linger in this garden nook,
With your merry friend, the Brook.

BEES:

O'er the flowers and blooming trees,
Buzz and buzz we Busy Bees.

(Turn to the other B's.)

You perhaps may be B's too,
We're far busier Bees than you!

(JUNE and one of the children form an arch, through which the others march two and two, singing to the tune of London Bridge.)

We're all happy and in tune
Now with June, lovely June.
Every child is glad and gay
This Children's Day.

All the world's a happy tune
When it's June, lovely June;
Every day is Children's Day,
Glad Children's Day!

My Chum.

I LIKE to play with my chum;
He's such a cheerful chap;
He's never angry if in play
You take his coat or cap.

He has a smile for every one,
And doesn't have the blues;
And so you're glad to have him come,
He's like some happy news.

And yet he can be serious, too,
When there are tasks to do
That need a lot of time and thought
To put them rightly through.

Another thing about my chum—
He keeps his promises;
And you can bank with feeling sure
On everything he says.

He has some faults, but in these ways
He's fair and square and true:
He's just the sort of chum to have—
The kind you call "true-blue!"

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Javan Dirt-eaters.

BY WALTER K. PUTNEY.

THERE are many places on the earth where dirt-eaters are found, but in Java some of the natives eat a reddish dirt as a sort of luxury. This dirt is soft, smooth, and contains iron, potassium, and soda. The Javans make very thin cakes, moisten them slightly and bake them. When done, they are crisp and actually melt in one's mouth like fatty substances. They are not eaten in great quantities, but rather as a sort of dessert or luxury, as an agreeable variety in their general diet.



By F. E. Bronson.

In Vacation-time.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

DOWN by the salt-smelling ocean,
Running bare-toed in the sand,
Dodging the lace-ruffled waves
That slip sudden and swift to the land;
Searching for treasures of starfish
And sea-urchins, tunneling wells,
Hunting for crabs that make houses
In spiral sea-shells.

Up in the quiet green country,—
In the Indian-basket-like air,

Parting the foam of the daisies
For strawberries hidden with care;
Riding the soft, tumbly hayload,
Playing with hollyhock dolls,
Gathering velvet blackberries
On warm pasture walls.

Seashore or mountain or country—
Too hard is the test—
For a vacation child to tell truly
Which one he likes best.

Abbie's Freedom.

BY MAUDE SHAW GRANT.

ABBIE was lazily enjoying the gentle breeze that played through the leaves above her head. Her sweet young voice had a care-free ring as she hailed her neighbor across the green hedge.

"O Ruth! Come over a while, won't you?"
"You temptress!" Ruth laughed. "I've some work to do yet!"

"Gracious! you're a perfect slave to your work! Why can't you make yourself free, as I do?"

With a resigned little shrug Ruth leaned her broom against her kitchen door, and, joining her friend, sat lightly down beside her.

"Now, isn't this a whole lot better than sweeping and washing dishes?" Abbie triumphantly demanded.

"Of course! But if I hadn't already done about everything I could to make father and the boys comfortable, I shouldn't feel—well—free to!"

"Free! you? Always doing certain things at certain times! Never letting anything go! Why, you don't know what it is to be free!"

"But it's much easier that way, Abbie dear—really! I do wish you'd try using a little 'system'—once, anyway!"

Abbie shook her head impatiently. "Not me! I'd feel as though I were in prison—Oh, here comes Ralph Nichols!" she broke off, uncomfortably conscious that she had

dressed in careless haste, and certainly looked it.

"Hello!" Ralph sang out cheerily. "Glad you're together, because I've got to hustle home to lunch!"

"Why, what time is it?" Ruth queried.

"About quarter to twelve."

"Mercy!" Ruth exclaimed. "I'll have to run home in a moment myself!"

"Guess I'd better hurry and say my spiel, then!" Ralph laughed. "I met Barry Allen this morning and he told me they sent me word for all of us to come to their party to-night, but you see it didn't reach me, so I!"

"To-night!" Abbie wailed. "Oh, what a shame! Can you go, Ruth?"

"Yes—I could," Ruth answered slowly, "but I won't—if you can't."

"Oh! I say! It won't be any fun if neither of my chums is there!" Ralph objected.

"No, indeed! You go, Ruth!" Abbie urged, but not very warmly.

"Oh, come on!" Ralph begged. "Chuck some of your work for once, can't you, Abbie? You don't have to have your house 'just so' all the time, do you?"

Abbie involuntarily glanced at Ruth, and as Ruth self-consciously looked away, Abbie's cheeks began to burn. She knew her friend could see the stacks of soiled dishes and pans, the unswept kitchen, the unmade beds, and the dust beginning to lie in little heaps, all over the house, just as plainly as she could

herself. But what Ruth did not know was the fact that Abbie had not yet finished the new dress she had started over a month ago, and that not a thing in her wardrobe was in fit condition to wear to a party. And Abbie was determined not to tell her, either; because she felt Ruth would probably think her unpreparedness a sort of proof that she was right about an unsystematic life not being a truly free one.

"Can't you manage it some way, Abbie?" Ralph insisted.

"Can't you?" Ruth questioned—and Abbie suddenly flamed with resentful determination.

"Yes!" she flared, "I can go! I'm not a slave to my work! What time must we start?"

"Good for you!" Ralph applauded. "I'll call for you about seven-thirty."

"All right. I'll be ready," she promised.

When Ralph and Ruth had gone, her spirits drooped a little, but she went inside, and threading her way through the disorder of her neglected kitchen, got herself a hasty bite of cold lunch. Then, deliberately shutting her eyes to the crying needs of her house, she set to work with a will upon her new dress. About five o'clock she 'phoned her "men-folks" to get their dinners downtown, as she would not have time to cook anything. When her father came home, at seven, she was still dressing.

"What's the trouble?" he called anxiously. "Anything gone wrong, daughter?"

"No, of course not!" she called back crossly, and when she ran down stairs, a little later, she found him lying on the couch in the sitting-room. His eyes were closed, and even in her hurry she could not help seeing that he did not look as well as usual.

"What's the matter?" she frowned. "Don't you feel right, father?"

He opened his eyes wearily. "Very tired, Abbie. When will you be home?" It was so unusual for Abbie to look really neat that he could not fail to realize she was dressed for some other home than her own.

"I don't know, exactly. Can I—get you anything?"

"No, thank you. I think I shall go to bed."

"So early? Why, I haven't made your bed! Oh, bother!—I thought I could get home in plenty of time to attend to that!"

"Never mind! I can straighten it out myself—and Ashton has gone to cousin Hal's. There's the bell now!"

"It's Ralph, I suppose—and I've got to go! Good-night, father. I—I hope you'll feel better to-morrow."

"I hope so!" Mr. Mantell sighed; then added as cheerily as he could, "I think I shall."

"Well, I wouldn't leave you, but Ralph and Ruth are expecting me—and I sewed all afternoon to get ready!"—She was on the verge of tears, and Mr. Mantell hastened to reassure her.

"Run along now! And have a good time, dear!"

She managed to smile a little, but the droop was still at the corners of her mouth when she joined Ralph. And all through the evening she could not forget how really ill her father had looked. For once the thought of her disordered house troubled her. Besides, once or twice she thought she heard the sleeves of her dress rip. All together, she spent a most uncomfortable evening. Her friends did not hover about her as they

usually did, and even Ralph and Ruth seemed to avoid her. Going home, all three were oppressively silent, and Abbie felt so much like crying that her "Good-night" was scarcely audible as she and Ralph left Ruth at her own door. When they reached Abbie's house she hesitated awkwardly, then stutted, "I—I'm sorry I wasn't—good company, Ralph!"

"That's all right!" he answered eagerly. "Ruth and I were only afraid you didn't feel just right. Don't you, Abbie?"

"Yes—no! Oh, I'm all upset!"

"Can't I help you some way?"

"No—I'm too silly! Don't mind me, please!" And she turned abruptly and went into the house.

Ralph stood gazing blankly after her. When she came running out, a few moments later, he was glad he had not moved.

"O Ralph!—father's sick!" she cried. "Abbie!"

"Yes—and I'm so afraid! He's too weak even to get upstairs!"

"Come on!" Ralph answered, as he pushed past her into the house.

Even during the anxious hours that followed, Abbie was painfully conscious of the disorder of her house. Ralph helped Mr. Mantell to bed, then ran for a doctor. Later, when he and Abbie tried to get the various things the doctor called for, and could not find them in the cluttered kitchen, he went across to Ruth's for them. He was gone but a second.

"She knew just where to get them!" he breathlessly explained, quite unconscious of the sudden flush of shame that spread to Abbie's temples. "Says she'll come over if you want her."

Ralph remained till the doctor pronounced Mr. Mantell out of all danger. And when the doctor himself departed, Abbie changed to her working clothes and sat down, with a desperate sort of calm, to administer medicine and to be ready to respond to her father's lightest movement. It was not yet midnight, and Mr. Mantell did not sleep till after two. Abbie thought things over during that time as she had never thought before. At first her brain was in a whirl, but by degrees she began to see everything clearly, and each thing in its right relation to the next. By the time her father dropped to sleep she had arrived at her conclusion and was quite ready for action.

A little after five o'clock the next afternoon she felt that she could drop down anywhere, and stay there. Since early morning she had been putting the home in order. Such a happy excitement throbbed in her heart that she ran across to Ruth, and begged her to "come and see!"

When Ruth stepped into Abbie's kitchen her eyes grew big and bright, and she made a rush for her friend, but Abbie dodged her with a laugh as she cried, "Wait!—see the rest of the house first!"

When they had finished their tour of inspection, Ruth fairly beamed at Abbie. "I want to hug you!" she cried impulsively, "I'm so proud of you!"

"Don't you do it!" Abbie protested, "not till I've told you just what sort of a person I am!"

"I know!"

"No, you don't! Oh, I learned a lot about myself as I sat up there last night with poor father! I learned just how lazy, and selfish, and foolish I've been!"

"Abbie—dear!"

"Yes!—I have seen, but I won't be any

more—because I've found out something else, too!"

"What, Abbie? Tell me—quick!" Ruth was so excited she could scarcely stand still.

Abbie's own eyes were sparkling. Her weariness had left her.

"I found out the truth about that 'system' of yours! I learned just what it really means! Freedom, Ruth!—freedom to do all your work well—to make others comfortable and happy—and to play all you want to, at the right time!"

"You dear!" But again Abbie dodged her.

"I tell you, I thought it all out, and I know now that to do what you ought to do, exactly when you ought to do it, means just the very free-est kind of freedom—and I shan't ever forget it!"

"Oh, I'm so glad! So glad!" This time Abbie did not flinch before the affectionate onslaught, and Ruth caught her in such a great "bear-hug" that she was merely able to gasp, between tears and laughter, "So'm I—glad—too!"

Preparedness.

BY WILLIAM LUDLUM.

MY father talks—"preparedness,"
And so does mother, too;
They say, "It is, for Uncle Sam,
The *only* thing to do."

But when the grocer came around
For cash, the other day,
I heard my father say to him,
"I'm not prepared—to pay."

And then, when fussy Mrs. Jones
Dropped in to make a call,
Why, mother dear was "Not prepared—
For visitors, at all."

If this "preparedness" is right,
I wouldn't talk, but—act;
I'd make, by being well prepared,
"Preparedness" a—fact!

If Uncle Sam should be prepared,
Why, so should parents too,
And brother, sister, uncle, aunt,
The hired man, and—you!

Robert and the Robin.

No. 5.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"I THOUGHT you were not coming," complained Robert the following day. "I've filled one bucket full and am on my second one. What made you so late?"

"I came near not coming at all," panted the robin. "I found a regular nest of grubs at the roots of one of your choicest plants, and I felt that I had to dispatch them all before I came away. You can't imagine what hot work it is on such a day as this. May I have that red strawberry on top—as a sort of dessert?"

Robert nodded. "But hurry up and eat it," he said, "for I want you to tell me about the other gardeners."

"There goes one now," said the robin.

"Where—where?" Robert looked all around.

"Just frisking up that tree. Don't you see that silvery-looking squirrel?"

"Yes," Robert answered, staring up at the pretty, agile fellow. "What does he plant?"

"His great-grandfather's grandfather planted that great oak tree over there," said the robin, munching upon his berry. "You see he was carrying a couple of acorns in his mouth one day and he coughed. Out came the acorns, and although he recovered one, he could not find where he dropped the other."

"And it grew up to be that oak?" Robert asked, gazing in admiration at the tall tree.

"Yes. Every season the squirrels plant hundreds of nut trees. They carry the nuts often for long distances and store them away. Sometimes they drop them and sometimes their storehouses are entered and the marauders scatter the nuts."

"Do they ever plant other things?" asked Robert, curiously.

"Occasionally they pick up a fruit or berry that has a deceptive appearance and think they are securing food," the robin answered. "Of course when they find out their mistake they drop the seed and it takes root wherever it falls. Birds make mistakes of this kind also."

"Do animals ever plant seeds—big animals?" asked Robert.

"Oh, yes, indeed! All kinds of animals do their part of the work. Often animals catch seeds upon their hide or fur and carry them that way, or they are mixed with the mud that clings to their feet. Of course each animal carries seeds of the food that it eats, but they carry many other kinds. If you will look at that dry mud that has been in a horse's foot, I think you will see seeds."

"Yes," answered Robert; "here are a number of seeds, but they are small, so that I do not know what they are."

"Nature knows," answered the robin, wisely, "and she has many gardeners. Besides the living creatures, there are other agencies that plant seeds. There is the wind, for instance; it carries all kinds of winged seeds, such as milkweed and dandelions. Besides that it shakes the trees and bushes and sends the seeds that are lodged there flying to the earth."

"I have seen seeds from some of the shrubs in our garden blown clear across the street by a strong wind," said Robert, "and they were not 'winged' seeds either."

"Water is another great gardener," continued the robin; "you have no idea how many seeds are carried by the water. They are washed from place to place by the rain and carried on the bosom of the streams. In this way they are taken to the richest soil, where they find it easy to grow, sometimes being washed from barren places for the purpose."

"Are there any other gardeners?" asked Robert.

"I suppose so," mused the robin; "there are always lots of agencies that we know nothing of. A small boy may be a gardener when he throws down an apple core or a peach pit."

"I never thought of that," cried Robert.

"Then you had better think of it," said the robin, wisely. "Why, it is getting late—we must go. I wish I could help you carry your bucket."

"I think you have done enough," declared Robert. "I never knew that birds and animals and winds and rains were useful in so many ways before."



By Florence Herrick.

"Kenneth was whittling a boat in the barn."

The "Stick-to-It."

BY LAURIE HILLYER.

KENNETH was whittling a boat in the barn. He liked to whittle, but it was a warm afternoon, and he couldn't help thinking of the cool, brown swimming-pool in the woods. Ray, Kenneth's chum, stuck his head in the door.

"Hullo, Kenny," he said, "aren't you going swimming with the rest of the fellows?"

Kenneth looked up soberly. He was an earnest little fellow. The other boys liked him because he was "square." He always kept his promises, even the ones that were hard to keep. And that afternoon he had promised himself that he would finish his boat. The boys were going to have a race the next day on the frog-pond.

"I've got to finish my boat," answered Kenneth; "have you finished your boat, Ray?"

"Nope," said Ray; "I'm going to do it this evening."

"I'm going to drive over to grandpa's with my father to-night," said Kenneth, "so I guess I'd better finish mine now."

But he sighed a very big sigh as Ray galloped across the field on his way to the pool.

Kenneth went on whittling. It was very warm. Kenneth wiped his forehead on his sleeve.

"I most wisht I'd gone swimming," he thought.

He carefully carved the rudder. The boat was almost done when father looked in.

"Working hard?" asked father.

"I've been sticking to it all afternoon," said Kenneth. "We're going to have the

races to-morrow. Father, what shall I call my boat?"

"Call her the 'Stick-to-It,'" father suggested.

"That's a pretty long name," objected Kenneth.

"But you were a long time making it," laughed father.

So Kenneth painted "Stick-to-It" on the boat.

The next day was the day of the race. The boys had planned it several days before. No boughten boats were entered. They were all home-made.

Kenneth was almost too excited to eat his oatmeal at breakfast; but he found time for several waffles with maple syrup. He helped mother clear the table, as he always did in the morning, and then raced away, with his boat under his arm, toward the frog-pond.

There was a good wind. White clouds flying over the blue sky were reflected, like moving pictures, in the pond. Ray and two other boys were waiting. Ray was trying to make his handkerchief into a sail.

"I don't think it's fair for me to go into the race," he said, "because I didn't have time to make a real sail, and my boat won't go as fast as yours."

"Well, that isn't our fault," returned Kenneth, "you had just as much time as the rest of us had."

Ray looked rather gloomy.

Up came Bud and Richard, the other boys who had formed the Sailboat Club.

They all placed their boats in the water.

"'Stick-to-It,' that's a funny name," remarked Richard, "My boat is the 'Bird.' I'll bet she beats the Sticky to nothin'."

"One, two, three, go," cried Ray, who was president of the club.

Four of the boats danced off over the water. Something happened to the fifth. It upset and floated lonesomely around.

Ray's handkerchief sail flared in the wind. His boat shot ahead. The "Stick-to-It" was a close second. Then suddenly the handkerchief came unpinned and drooped. The boat spun around, without moving forward.

Kenneth's eyes were glowing with excitement. "Go it, Sticky. Go it, Sticky," he cried.

And the "Stick-to-It" went dancing over the pond—and won the race.

All the boys cheered.

"Oh dear," sighed Ray, "If I'd made my sail last night, I bet I'd have won it."

"Kenny's boat is awful well built," said Richard, who was examining it.

"Well," explained Kenny, modestly, sticking his hands in his pocket, "I stuck to it awful hard."

Uncle Si's Sermon on Standing 'Round.

BY HEWES LANCASTER.

DE man dat stood 'round—dat's my text, little chilun, and dat's jest what I'm gwine preach to you about to-day. De man dat stood 'round.

Lo and behold de Lord God was er setting on his big white throne and he cast his eye

down on de yearth: and what you reckon he see down dar? A man, a big strong man er standing 'round wid his hands in his pocket. And de Lord God summoned His holy angel and commanded her, saying:

"Behold dat man yonder standing 'round. I would have news concerning him."

De holy angel fly down to yearth and she look dat man over, fust dis side den t'other side—seem like she can't study what he's arter. Look like he's healthy. Look like he had sense. But dar he stood. All de yother people was on de hump—some a-doing one thing, some enother. De women was scrubbing out de house, de chilun was piling de trash, but dat man was jest standing 'round. So by an' by de angel 'proach him and she say:

"How come, brudder, you ain't working like de rest of dese here folks?"

De man spoke up sorrowful and he say:

"Lord bless your kind heart, lady, I can't find nothing to do."

Hit made de angel plumb pitiful to hear him talk like dat-ar, so she ax him:

"Ain't dar no weeds in yo' 'tater patch dat you can pull out?"

De man looked mighty low-spirited and he 'lowed:

"Dem measly little weeds ain't wuth pulling up."

De angel questioned him funder:

"Ain't you got no wood in yo' back yard you can chop?"

Dat made de man look more low-spirited dan ever and he sighed: "Dat no 'count small stuff? De chilun can chop hit wid er hatchet. Dat ain't wuth a man's work."

He looked so down in de mouth er standing dar wid his idle hands in his pocket hit made de angel feel powerful sorry, and she kept on axing him couldn't he do dis-here or couldn't he do dat-ar, but, no sir! Seem like dar warn't nary a thing on yearth fitten fo' dat man to do. So de angel fly back to heaven and she bow down befo' de throne and she say:

"Lord, dat man yonder is er standing 'round 'cause he can't find nary a thing fitten for his hands to do."

Now when de Lord God hear dat-ar He was wroth and He say:

"How come. De work I gin him ain't fitten for his hands to do! Go down dar and tell dat man to take his hands outen his pockets and he'll find er whole passel of work fitten for him to do."

And I say unto you, little chilun, as hit was wid dat man so hit is gwine be wid all de critter both large and small dat de Lord God hath made. You want to take warning from dat man's ways and learn wisdom from his wuthlessness. When yo' mamma has done sont you to de wood-pile to pick up chips, don't stand 'round saying to yo'self:

"I don't see no chips here fitten to pick up."

Naturally and in course you ain't gwine see no chips fitten to pick up till you stoop over. But jest you bend yo' back, pick up de fust chip yo' hand teches and verily, verily you'll sho be 'sprised to see what a fine lot of chips you can pick out of dat-ar wood-pile.

"Write, we know, is written right

When we see it written write;

But when we see it written wright,

We know it is not written right.

For write if it be written right

Must not be written wright or rite,

But write, for so 'tis written right."

Morning Prayer.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

DEAR Heavenly Father, you have kept
Me safely through the hours
When fast asleep, in gardens fair,
I played among the flowers.
So now when rested by my sleep.
Another day I start,
Dear God, I pray that I may keep
Their sweetness in my heart.

The Queen's Garden.

BY ALICE S. EMERY.

"SURELY, it must be time for the Queen to come," sighed the Lily, as she smoothed her snowy petals.

Each year the Queen of the Flowers visited her subjects to see if her own lovely garden had been properly cared for during her absence. For many days this had been the duty of a beautiful Red Rose, but as she was fast turning brown with age, a new caretaker was to be chosen.

All the flowers were lifting their pretty heads to catch the first glimpse of their sovereign, when a tall Larkspur at the end of the garden shouted, "Bow down, bow down, flowers all! Her Majesty approaches."

Instantly each lovely head drooped on its stem, as the Queen rode down the path in a mother-of-pearl chariot drawn by two crickets. She entered her garden, which was enclosed by a high hedge of lilacs, and was delighted at its neat appearance. When she came out, she said to the flowers grouped about the entrance, "My faithful Rose is too aged for the duties of caretaker; but the burden shall fall on no one flower in the future. I leave my garden in the care of my subjects, each and all. See that you are faithful." Then she entered her chariot and rode away.

For at least a week the garden was kept carefully weeded and raked; but by the second week the Poppy said she was too sleepy to bother, the Hollyhock felt that it was beneath her dignity to work, while the Lily remarked that she had no time for outside duties, besides it might soil her petals. In fact, all had some excuse to offer for not caring for the garden; so that in a short time the weeds had choked the lovely flowers, and the paths were becoming grass-grown.

One day a little Field Daisy, seeing the neglected state of the once beautiful spot, went in and hoed and raked with all her might. How the flowers thrived! Never had the garden been so lovely. Every day through the long year the little Daisy worked, never pausing because the sun was too hot or the rain too severe.

Again the Queen came, and again her subjects bowed their heads; but this time for shame. They had been careless. They had forgotten. When the Queen praised the beauty and neatness of her garden, they had to tell her that they—her subjects—were unfaithful to their trust, and that the little Daisy, alone, had performed all the duties.

Upon hearing this, the Queen sent for the little flower, who, clad in her simple gown, came and knelt before her. The Queen touched her with her wand, and she rose dressed in a robe of white and gold. Then there before them all she was made the overseer of the garden, and given especial honors and rewards for all that she had done. To this day she is faithful to her trust, and is always glad that she first took care of the garden solely as a labor of love.

Travels of Tommy.

THE SPIDER'S HOUSE PARTY.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

(Trip Number Eight: Part Two.)

TOMMY rose politely, as they came in—that is, on—to the bit of ground on which he sat. Arachne said their names rapidly:

"The Sedentary set come first. Here's an Orb-weaver."

"That's only a nickname," said the Orb-weaver, "given me because I make the webs that come in circles."

"I'm sure," said Tommy, "I shall look at spiders' webs with more interest now. I thought they were all alike."

"If it were not for Monsieur Fabre," Arachne cried indignantly, "I'd sting you, just because you're a human being with no understanding of the Arachnidæ in you! Other insects ruin your fruit, eat your vegetables, destroy your trees, but no one shudders at them, and there is much more kindly knowledge of them!"

"What has Monsieur Fabre done?" inquired Tommy.

"Done? He *understands* us!"

"When I am a little older, I'll read him," answered Tommy, and Arachne, less angry, introduced another "Sedentary."

"Line-weaver, or Net-weaver," she said. "He makes his nets another way. You can see plenty of them, in barns or in your own homes, before your maid sweeps them down! The lines cross and recross each other, and—"

"And I hang with my back down," said the Net-weaver, good-naturedly. "How I have to scurry away when any one sees me, even though I'm trying to catch a fly with typhoid germs on his claws!"

"And this is one popularly called Tube-weaver," went on the hostess.

"Happy to meet you," said the Tube-weaver; "if you'll come along to any bush hereabouts, you'll see my house—a sheet of fine silk web. Step on it, and you'll find yourself going down a tube, and—I'm generally at the other end!"

"Thank you," said Tommy. But he was murmuring to himself:

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly.

"Tunnel-weaver," said Arachne. "And the head of his kind, too."

"Yes, I'm the Trap-door Spider," said the newcomer. "You ought to see my little shanty."

"I should very much like to know how you build it," was Tommy's answer.

"Well, I tunnel far down," said the obliging visitor, "then I line the tunnel with fine white silk. Over the top of the hole I weave still heavier silk curtains. Then I stiffen them with gum. Next, while the gum is wet, I scatter on bits of dust, earth, scraps of wood, and dead leaves, so that it looks like the ground, and no one would ever suspect that it was—a trap-door. I put on hinges, too. When I go abroad I leave my door wide open, but when I am at home I shut it so tight that not even a drop of water can find its way in."

"Wonderful!" said Tommy.

"Here come some of the Wanderers!" interrupted Arachne. "Here is Saltigrade himself!"

Tommy thought him very handsome. He had large, bright eyes and eight of them!

"Yes, I'm lively enough," he said, when he had jumped down beside Tommy. "I live on plants, and make myself a charming and refined nest of pure white silk. When I say I," he added thoughtfully, "I mean, of course, my wife does!"

"Do you let her work?" asked Tommy.

"Let her?" cried the Spider. "Our women do exactly what they please. I say," he spoke with some alarm, "here they all come now!"

Tommy thought all the spiders looked a little uneasy, and then, as the lady spiders came in, he saw why!

The ladies were ever so much bigger than the men!

One of them—he had observed her before—had about a hundred tiny, tiny spiders all over her.

"Yes," she said to Arachne, "all my eggs were hatched the other day, but in time some of the children will drop off. I hope I'm not worn out first."

And then the other spiders came—hundreds upon hundreds.

"You're a very large family," Tommy could not help remarking.

"You haven't seen half of us," answered Arachne, "I believe no other creature is as numerous. We're everywhere!"

Tommy noticed that they had, each of them, eight legs and eight eyes; that the legs were jointed, some of them seven times, and had nice little brushes, to brush out the webs; that they had "spinnerets," from which they spun their webs, and that their legs were very long in comparison with their bodies. He saw many other things—and then he wished to go!

"Thank you very much," he said to Arachne, "and I will tell everybody that you don't do us any harm. I will indeed!"

"And I hope you may find people sensible enough to believe you," answered Arachne, "but, myself, I doubt it!"

"Spiders are wonderful," decided Tommy. "I really think I shall have to go and see them again, some day!"

Lady's-slippers.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

IN the woods the lady's-slippers
Wait for little feet.

You don't even have to buy them;
There they hang so neat
On their slender stems where Nature
Holds them up to view;
Pink as coral in its sea-cave,
Wait they there for you.

They are dainty. Little maiden,
Don't you want a pair?
They will fade and lose their beauty
If you leave them there.
In the woods, on rocky hillsides,
'Twixt veined leaves of green,
Lady's-slippers in their freshness
May in June be seen.

Sometimes in a row they'll greet you
Perched upon a log:
Quaint, balloon-like little blossoms,
In some mossy bog.
Nature knows just where their beauty
At its best will show.
But until you hunt you'll never
Find out where they grow.

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



WE sowed our garden full of seeds
So many days ago,
It really seems as if they ought
To soon begin to show.

Folks say it takes a lot of work
To make a garden grow;
We know it makes you awful hot
When you begin to hoe.

But now the summer time is here,
And mother's birthday, too;
I guess she'll love the pretty flowers
That her own children grew.

GWENDOLEN M. CASTLE.

The Garden of Delight.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

"OH! Oh!" A dirty, chubby face pressed against the trim fence. Two bright eyes gazed longingly across its pointed top.

Elsie turned.

"Say," the owner of the face and eyes begged, "gimme one—just one of those bright ones!" and a straight, dirty finger pointed directly at the delight of Elsie's heart—a small bush, on which three great red roses hung.

"That's just like you, Bobby French!" Elsie tossed her golden curls disdainfully. "They're my roses, my very own!"

"But," Bobby insisted, "you wouldn't miss one—just one."

"That's all you know, Bobby French," and she turned resolutely away.

"But, Elsie," Bobby's voice followed her up the walk, "my little sister hasn't ever seen a rose!"

"Well," with another shake of her curls, "why don't you save some money and buy her one?" and Elsie disappeared around the corner of the house, where Aunt Jeannie sat sewing on her new frock.

She threw herself on the grass beside her aunt, her pretty face spoiled by a frown. "I wish," she cried, "all the children wouldn't be asking for a rose."

Aunt Jeannie did not raise her eyes. "You do not have to give them, unless you wish, do you?" she replied.

Elsie picked a piece of grass and

ran it slowly through her fingers. "Bessie says I'm stingy," she complained.

Still Aunt Jeannie sewed on.

"Don't you like to see 'em grow, auntie?" And now the grass was tracing patterns back and forth, up and down, across Aunt Jeannie's white gown.

"Why, yes, child. That is why I took this house,—so we could have a garden."

Then suddenly she held out her arms, dropping her work to the grass, and Elsie sprang into them. She knew by the little smile in her eyes that a story was coming.

"I wonder," Aunt Jeannie inquired, "if you would like to hear about the Garden of Delight I saw one day?"

Elsie nodded, and Aunt Jeannie went on:

"It was your mother's garden, and in it were the reddest roses, and the pinkest and the whitest ones you ever saw; the fullest, sweetest pinks; great lilies, with deep golden hearts; blue-bells; pansies; peonies; forget-me-nots; every flower, almost, that grows; and in the midst of all a great printed card invited every one who wished a flower to come inside and gather it. She named it the Garden of Delight, and on each Saturday every unpicked blossom was gathered and sent to those who were sick or sad; and whenever she heard the gate click and saw one who looked tired, or poor or dirty get a flower, she would smile and say, 'That's what it's for.' Just before

God sent his angels after her she took my hand and said, 'When my little girl is old enough you must tell her of my Garden of Delight, and that the one great thing our flowers are for is to give joy instead of storing it in our own soul for selfish use; that only as we share them do we really learn how sweet they are.'"

Elsie slipped from Aunt Jeannie's arms and sat with her chin propped on her knees, her eyes staring straight ahead to where she could just see the edge of a blood-red rose.

Her face was very sober.

Aunt Jeannie arose. "It is nearly time for tea," she remarked, going toward the house.

Very, very slowly Elsie went down the path. She did not hop and skip as usual. She was wondering if, in the blue above, her mother's eyes were watching those three beautiful great roses.

Up the street Bobby French sauntered along, hands in pockets, whistling. His eyes were turned the other way.

What was it he had said? His little sister had never even seen a rose!

He was nearly past when Elsie sprang forward. "Bobby!" she called; then louder, "Bobby!"

He paused. "Huh?" he grunted.

She reached forward and, picking the biggest, reddest rose, held it toward him. "Here," she cried. Then she recklessly broke off the other two. "And when they're gone," she said

(Continued on next page)



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.



Frederick and Harriet Arnold and "Lucy Rosanna" reading *The Beacon*.

WEST ROXBURY.

My dear Miss Buck,—My little four-year-old girl could not be outdone by her big brother, and so has labored over this letter which I enclose and which I hope you may be able to read!

The Beacon is a constant delight in our household; no Sunday seems really complete to the children, or indeed to their parents, without it.

Wishing it continued success, I am

Sincerely yours,

HELEN HUNT ARNOLD.

WEST ROXBURY,

April 10.

Dear Miss Buck,—I made a snow man this morning.

I love to go to Sunday school. I like to get my *Beacon*.

I am just four years old.

Love from,

HARRIET ARNOLD.

(Continued from preceding page)

brightly, "you just come and pick one if there's one here."

"My eyes!" Bobby grabbed them and started on the run. He didn't even say thank you—not in words. But his face and eyes said it for him. He was in too great a hurry to show them to the little crippled sister who had never yet seen one.

With a sudden hop, skip, and eyes like stars, Elsie dashed into the house and flung herself into Aunt Jeannie's arms.

"O Aunt Jeannie, Aunt Jeannie," she cried, "I've started a Garden of Delight. Mamma was right. Oh! if you could have seen the shine in Bobby's eyes!"

BOLTON, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck,—We both attend the Unitarian Sunday school here.

Have not missed a Sunday since October, 1914. We enjoy *The Beacon* and miss it through the summer.

We would like to become members of the Beacon Club.

We enclose an enigma.

Yours sincerely,

DOROTHEA & LAURA BICKFORD.

(Age 12. Age 8.)

Other new members of our Club are Helen Westcott, Belfast, Me.; Margaret F. Watkins, Buffalo, N.Y.; Nell Rathban, Toledo, Ohio; Mary H. Webber, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Harriet Hall Moore, St. Louis, Mo. (who sends answers to puzzles).

In Massachusetts our new members are: Nellie Kenney and Mary Salminen, Ashby; Ruth Ellery, Danvers; Ethel Mae Marsden, Fall River; Clara Brown, Green Harbor; Marian Our, Hingham; Dorothy Cropley and Evelyn Sumner, Marblehead; Dorothy A. Roe, Revere; Sylvia Eriksen and Helga Neilsen, Stow.

We have added 452 new members during the past year, and now have an enrolment of 1,120.

From the Editor to You.

For the Summer. This number closes the present volume of *The Beacon*, and the Editor and the readers must say good-by to each other until October. Through the four glorious months, with outdoor delights, with all the beauty and wonder of Nature, we mean—do we not?—to make the best, the very best, of everything. School closes, but children may still be learners. Mother Nature is waiting to tell us her secrets if we will try to find them out: shall we? Perhaps it will be as much fun as the Recreation Corner. Let us keep eyes wide open, and hearts in tune, through all the happy summer days.

Now will we forget that we may find much to do for others, and so be carrying out what church and Sunday school and this paper have been trying all the year to say to us. There are three members of our Beacon Club in one home who carry out so well the word which tells its purpose that you should know about them. They all find ways of being helpful in the home. When the tasks are done, they say, "Have we helped you to-day, mother? Then may we wear our Beacon Club buttons?" Perhaps all our members will watch, day by day, to see if they are trying to help, and wear our badge with a sense of aiming to deserve it.

A happy, happy vacation to all our readers—until we meet again in our delight in *The Beacon* and in the faith in God and man for which it stands.

After dandelions, buttercups,
Then daisies and clover;
One blessing touches another
Over and over and over.

Selected.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXVIII.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 2, 5, is a pronoun.

My 1, 3, 6, is something we drink.

My 4, 12, 13, is a nickname for a boy.

My 8, 9, is not off.

My 11, 7, 10, is the abbreviation for The Lehigh Coal Co.

My whole is a society.

THEODORE BECKER GOETZ.

ENIGMA LXXIX.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 8, 6, 10, 11, 12, is a garment.

My 1, 3, 5, 6, is a fruit.

My 2, 5, 4, is to strike sharply.

My 6, 10, 8, is a color.

My 4, 5, 6, 5, 8, 3, is to march.

My 8, 7, 9, is a home of an animal.

My 8, 7, 3, 2, is an animal.

My 9, 7, 8, is a boy's nickname.

My 12, 9, 5, 4, is a sharp, sudden noise.

My whole is a topic in the daily papers.

EVELYN SUMNER.

ENIGMA LXXX.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 10, 12, 18, is a boy's nickname.

My 14, 11, 8, 7, 17, 9, is a celestial abode.

My 3, 11, 8, 13, 14, is what comes to everybody.

My 1, 2, 13, 17, is a musical instrument.

My 4, 5, 18, 3, is to twine.

My 16, 15, 6, 2, 12, is the fashion.

My whole was a great composer.

HELEN WESCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA LXXIV.—"The Lost Prince."

ENIGMA LXXV.—"Mansion of Happiness."

CROSS-WORD CHARADE.—Scarlet fever.

WORD SQUARE.—NEW

EVE

WET

TWISTED NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN STATESMEN.—

1. Wilson. 2. Taft. 3. Hughes. 4. McCall. 5. Clark. 6. Borah. 7. Cummings. 8. Lansing. 9. Lodge. 10. Burton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35.

ENIGMA LXXVI.—Richard Harding Davis.

ENIGMA LXXVII.—Physiology.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—1. Me. 2. Mass. 3. Pa. 4. Del. 5. Md. 6. Miss. 7. Tenn. 8. Ill. 9. Ark. 10. Ore. 11. Wash. 12. La.

BEHEADINGS.—I. Blend, lend, end. II. Chair, hair, air. III. Wheel, heel, eel.

The response to our request for material for the Recreation Corner was prompt and generous. Will all the boys and girls please accept our hearty thanks for the assistance so kindly given? Not all of the material could be used in the present volume; the remainder will be kept for use in the autumn. Now comes the time for out-of-door games. A happy summer to all!

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